

Gaye Marvin

"Cemetary Made"

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[C-Murder]

This black on black crime gotta stop

[C-Murder] Chorus

I see my enemies, my guns in my hands

Cemetary made, i'm looking at a dead man x4

[Mr. Serv-On]

Conflicted images fill my mind, if it's my time to bless
me on the grind

Intertwine in this criminal military where my best friend
became my adversary

Never second guess me if its me or you I see your ass
through

To the bloody end, we meet again

When one of you coward bitches get the heart to take
me from this world of sin

I can't descend to my right to die with blood in my
fucking eyes

Ghetto cries from the cemetary call me daily

But I aint ready to let you bitches take me

Set me up with my closed, arms open, gats smokin

Hoping for my last and final wish

Momma kiss me on the lips when I leave, with a shank
on my fucking sleeve

I kill your child on your money for love

Now she dead, god bless you if your child live

But if I don't, I'll be back with fucking rage in my eyes

Hands on the gage, I'm cemetary made

Chorus x4

[Mr. Serv-On]

Release me from this torture that this life gave me the
first time this world

saw me

Murder and betrayal chase me car jacking, the crack
dealers still see me

Why cant you bitches let me live in peace?

Tears on my mommas sheets won't let me sleep

I'm walking the streets with tags on my fucking feet,

But I aint ready to be that big shot caller, that baller in
the sky, see this
killer in my eyes
But you bitches can't take me, why don't you drop your
colors and ride with me
I'm gangbanging, no affiliation
I'm living TRU like these letters across my stomach (T-
R-U)
And I'm cemetary made, don't let me get faded with
this gauge
I'm ready to bust, bang, hang em up and nigga let you
know my name
My alias, Mr. bad case
See this killer in my eyes, I'm ready to break you from
your ghetto ties
And now I'm coming, so nigga you better start running
See my cemetary made, so bang em up

Chorus x4

[C-Murder]

My name is as I murder
So alot of niggas wanna get me cemetary made so I
move to another city
I was born with a gun in my hand
now that I'm a grown man aint a damn thing changed
C-Murder, a soldier from that TRU click
my dick gets hard when I see a niggas whig split
Life full of crime, so I abuses and chooses
to never pull a gun if I aint gonna use it
And known to smoke weed to calm my nerves
but when I lace that shit, a nigga gettin served (booya!)
Sending haters to the mortuary, been to the cemetary
but dont kill a nigga if you ever scary
Aint got no time to be paraniod bustas
keep eye contact cause I dont trust ya
187 is what i shout (187), tattooed on my right arm
cause that's what I'm about
You got beef with me? You'se in danger
welcome to the motherfuckin torture chamber
Execution style beat down in slashes
kerosene to burn your ass up till you ashes
You history fool, you dead, ha ha ha ha, now you
cemetary made

Chorus x4

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